

The Middletown Transcript.

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MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1877.

NO. 14.

Hardware, Stoves, Tin, &c.

LINDLEY & KEMP,

—DRALERS IN—

HARDWARE,

AND

Agricultural Implements,

AT THE

MIDDLETOWN STOVE HOUSE,

Middletown, Delaware.

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Iron and Steel, Horse and Mule Shoes, Horse Nails, Blacksmith Supplies, Chain Traces, Hames, Trowels, Nails, Spikes, Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Files, Chisels, Levels, Planes, Revers, Wrenches, Picks, Mattocks, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Long and Short Arms, Clips, Springs, Ramealed Cloth, Gum Canvases, &c.

A complete stock of TOOLS and Supplies for Carpenters, Builders, Masons, Sadlers, Shoemakers and others, with many House-furnishing articles. We invite the public to call and examine our prices.

Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Glass and Putty, CHEAPEST AND BEST.

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Stoves and Tin Ware.

HAVING SUCCEEDED TO THE BUSINESS OF J. B. ROBERTS, Esq., at his old stand

ON MAIN STREET,

we respectfully solicit a continuance of his patronage. We will have constantly on hand

STOVES AND HEATERS

of all descriptions Also

Slate Mantels,

and a large assortment of

TIN WARE

AND

HOUSE FURNISHING Articles.

Roofing & Spouting

Promptly and neatly done.

REPAIRS

for all kinds of

STOVES

Tin Ware of every description made to order and repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.

LINDLEY & KEMP.

March 17, 1877.

Select Poetry.

SPRING HAS COME.

Now Spring proclaims the skies her own! A vernal robe of earth is thrown; The sun, all bounding, smiles on earth, And brooks the joy that Winter's fied; The violets, on forest edges, Salute the hawthorn in the hedges; And faithful swallow, on fleet wing, Herald the advent of the Spring!

The Easter daisies nod their heads; The bees emerge from waxen beds; Blue-birds and cuckoos, on sweet gales, With choicest songs awake the vales; The tortoise thaws, and butterflies Air their fine wings 'neath April skies; The reign of Winter has gone by— Spring dons her rich embroidery!

Now maidens pluck wild pasture roses; Now children gather roadside posies; The sparrow, robin, finch and wren, With warblings fill each lane and glen; The murmuring streams, like fairy bells, Dance tinkling through the wooded dells; And blithesome insects and glad bees, Keep not the Lenten fast, but feast!

O, breath of Spring! from o'er the sea Thou bringest never life to me! Thou whisper'st low, sweet tales of bliss, And soft as fragrance is thy kiss! We welcome thee, bright floral Queen! Rich thy attire and glad thy mien— Bright messenger from courts above— The home of Spring, and deathless love!

Select Story.

ROSINA SALVITA.

On the estate of Count Fernando Carnati, about a mile outside of the beautiful city of Naples, stood a humble cottage, the abode of a poor basket maker. The occupants consisted of an old man, Luigi Salvati, and his beautiful daughter, Rosina. The interior of the cottage was neat and clean, though scantily furnished. Baskets and osiers were piled up in one corner of the room, and seated on a low stool, with a troubled countenance, was the old man, with Rosina at his knee.

My child, said the father, to-day our quarter's rent is due, and I have no money to pay it. Count Fernando will put us out, and then what will become of us? I care not for myself, but for you, my child.

Do not be discouraged, father, answered Rosina; yet, if he does, we can gain a living on the streets of Naples. Just then there was a loud knock at the door, and the figure of Count Fernando darkened the portal. He was a short, thick, disagreeable looking man, whose whole face betokened avarice, cruelty, and wickedness.

Well, my pretty dear, how are you to-day he said, addressing Rosina. The maiden made no reply, but turned her head away. Receiving no answer, he turned to the old man. Have you my rent to-day, Luigi? Count Fernando, I am sorry to say I have not, answered the old man. Then out you go to-morrow! answered the count.

Have mercy, noble sir, if not for me for Rosina.

Now, cried the count, unless you accede to what I now propose to you— Give your attention, that you may hear all I have long regarded your daughter with much favor, and would like to make her my wife. I will not press you for an answer now, but will give you two months to decide. I will make an easy life for you and her. But if you refuse, out you go to find your living among the swine! Think well of this till I come for your answer.

Then he left the cottage, mounted his horse, and rode away.

For full five minutes not a word was said by father or daughter, but at last the old man spoke.

Rosina, my child, what do you think of this offer? Father, said Rosina, the alternative is rather hard, but sooner than be the wife of Count Fernando I would gain my bread by singing on the streets of Naples. I hope will never come to that, but let us trust to God and our own exertions of the future. I have plan which I will now tell you. You know the brothers at the convent have often praised my voice, and told me I would become a great singer. I shall go to-morrow to Father Baptiste, the prior, and ask his advice.

Little sleep came to the eyes of father and daughter that night. The next day Rosina went to the prior, and stated her case to him. He advised her by all means to go to Florence, and gave her money to pay her expenses. He also gave her a letter to Signor Marti, conductor of the grand duke's opera, and then, giving her a blessing, sent her home. The hardest thing of all was the parting from her father, but that was accomplished at last, and soon she was in a diligence on her way to Florence. When she arrived there she at once presented herself to Signor Marti. After reading the letter, he gave her a chair and invited her to sit down.

It seems you have just come to time as I am in a quandary. One of my singers fell ill this morning, and I am left without anybody to take her place. I see by Father Baptiste's letter that you have an extraordinary voice. Let me hear you sing, spoke the conductor.

Rosina commenced to sing one of those touching ballads for which Italy is so famous. When she had finished, the conductor almost overwhelmed her with his praises. This infused new vigor and confidence in Rosina.

We rehearse in a few moments, spoke the conductor, and you will have to participate, so as to get used to your part. As you have no wardrobe, I will procure a suitable dress for you.

After rehearsal, Rosina sought out an aunt of hers in Florence, and was soon among her relations. The day seemed long to her anxious mind, and she was impatient for the night to come; but at length it came, and with it its attendant excitement. She wended her way to the theatre, where she was met by the conductor, who led her to the green room. She was nervous and trembling, being new to the situation, and placed among a company who had been accustomed to the stage, whereas this was her first essay in this line.

Soon the orchestra commenced the overture, and her excitement increased. Then the conductor went before the curtain, and informed the audience,

that one of the singers was ill, and of Rosina's appearance in her place. The audience, with whom the absent songstress was a favorite, and to whom Rosina was a stranger, met this announcement with hisses and groans. The conductor brought Rosina out in the midst of this storm of disapprobation, and introduced her to the audience.

She beheld the vast concourse before her she felt faint, and all her courage seemed to forsake her; but with a mighty effort she recovered, and commenced to sing. The vast concourse grew still as death, as if bound by a spell; but when she had finished, they found relief in one grand outburst of applause. Rosina had achieved a grand triumph; and she was compelled to appear time after time, until she could sing no more.

Night after night this continued, until Rosina had entirely supplanted her former favorite, the name of Rosina Salvati became known all over Florence. She was sent for by the archduke, and invited to sing at the castle. She was followed by suitors of the highest rank, but would listen to none, as her whole life was devoted to her father and her new profession.

One day, while at the archduke's castle, he asked her to tell her history. She told him her father's poverty, her being persecuted by Count Carnati, and of her subsequent resolve to aid her father. I have long had my eye on the count, and now I will see him, replied the archduke. I will save your father in time.

After several weeks of continued success, the season ended, and Rosina was free to go where she would. She at once resolved to go home to her father. The next day she started, her mind happy with the thought of the surprise in store for her father.

In the meantime, the time specified by Count Carnati was fast arriving, and at last the fatal morning dawned. The old man was sitting in his old seat, thinking. He was sorely troubled for two reasons: To-day he would be turned out of his home. The other reason was that he had not heard from Rosina since she went away, and he did not know whether she was dead or alive. He was roused from his reverie by the harsh voice of Count Carnati, who appeared at the door.

Well, where is Rosina? Have you succeeded to my proposition? Sir, count, replied the old man, I cannot answer. Rosina went away the day you were here, and I have not seen her since. I know not whether she is dead or alive.

Then out you go at once! cried the count, calling to two of his servants to execute his commands. Just then they were startled by the sound of wheels, and of a carriage stopping at the door. A few moments later, and Rosina entered and threw herself into her father's arms.

Ho! my beauty, cried the count, I see you have come back in time to save your father from being turned out, and for you to become my bride, moving toward her at the same time. Back! cried Rosina. Do not dare to touch me! And, turning to her father, she said, Look, father, I have come to save you; here is the money I have earned. Then, turning to the count, she said, Here, take your money, and be gone; we would be alone.

The count grew violently angry, for he saw he was foiled in his plans. No, cried he I will not take the money! You must both leave at once. Ho! Luigi, Giuseppe, obey your orders!

Hold! cried a voice. The count, looking around, saw the leader of the guard which, at the archduke's orders, had escorted Rosina to the house. I arrest you, Count Fernando Carnati, by authority of archduke, Ferdinand, for treason and conspiracy against the state. The same conveyance that brought Rosina in triumph from Florence took her persecutor back in chains and shame. He was thrown into prison, where he soon after died.

There was a happy couple in the old cottage that night, as the old father listened to his daughter's story. They soon moved to Florence, where Rosina was still received with favor. She continued in her chosen profession until she was married to a cousin of the archduke, and she became a countess. Her father lived an easy and happy life until he died, and always blessed the day Rosina resolved to save them from starvation by the use of her voice.

THE UNIVERSITY OF HARD KNOCKS. A great deal of useless sympathy is in this day expended upon those who start out in life without social or monetary help. Those are most to be congratulated who have at the beginning rough tussle with circumstances. John Ruskin sets it down as one of his calamities that in early life he had "nothing to endure." A petted and dandied childhood makes a weak and indisposed man. You say that Ruskin just quoted disproves the theory. No. He is showing in dejected, sullen, and irritable old age the need of the early edging of adversity. A little experience of the hardship of life would have helped to make him gratefully happy now. No brawn of character without compulsory exertion. The men who sit strong in their social, financial, and political elevations are those who did their own climbing. Misfortune is a rough nurse, but she raises giants. Let our young people, instead of succumbing to the influences that would keep them back and down, take them as parallel bars, and dumb bells, and weights of the gymnasium, by which they are to get muscle for the strife. Consent not to beg your way to fortune, but achieve it. God is always on the side of the man who does his best. God helps the man who tries to overcome difficulties.—Christian at Work.

NO TRAIT OF CHARACTER is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentiments within.

True Friendship.

The ordinary friendship of to-day, in common with almost every community, is largely adulterated. Somehow it seems to partake of the nature of the age in more respects than one.

The average grade of friendship is of the cheapest kind—made of poor material, and sold at any price. The social market is glutted with it, and it resembles so closely the genuine article that the keen-eyed expert can alone detect the fraud. This, of course, is speaking figuratively.

But the fact that there is much false friendship does not prove that there is none of the genuine article in existence—it is only an evidence that the latter is rather scarce.

Some writer has said, "There is little friendship in the world," and we are half inclined to substantiate the assertion. Those whom we believe to be our most reliable friends often prove our bitterest enemies, and we are frequently at a loss to know in whom to confide, and doubtful as to who are our friends.

Friendship is defined as an attachment to a person proceeding from an intimate acquaintance. Now, it is plain that if friendship is the natural outgrowth of an intimate acquaintance, it must necessarily partake of the nature of the acquaintance.

If our relations one to another are of a pure and honest character, if truth and integrity and virtue are the controlling elements in all our cominglings with each other—then our friendship will be of a pure type, and tend to elevate and benefit us.

But if there is an absence of these elements—if the principles of true manhood and womanhood do not enter into and control our relations to each other, if falsehood and deceit are practiced—then the friendship will be cheap and flimsy—false and uncertain.

In the first place, there can be no true friendship without confidence, and no confidence without honor and integrity. These are the wool and web in the genuine article.

Hypocrisy and pretense form no part in this make-up—they are too cheap and flimsy to wear well, and the honest man will dispense with them altogether.

Men are too apt to use this false friendship as a cloak to hide their wicked deeds and purposes. But it is so gaudy that discerning people can see through and discover the falsehood and wickedness beneath.

The underlying force of all proper social friendship is of the noblest form. A true friend is of the noblest form. The Creator has implanted within the human soul a desire for social communion. It is the noblest human attribute, and, properly used, the most beneficent. But how little it is understood! How its cultivation and development in a higher sense is neglected! In this grasping, greedy world its beauty is overlooked, its power is lost, its blessings unheeded in our race after worldly treasures and pleasures and their unsatisfying results.

A true friend is of the noblest form. With true friendship there is that peace and harmony that surpasses all definition. Complete and well rounded, it is more beautiful than imagination could portray. Developed and intensified, it blossoms into that finer and more heavenly grace called love.

Properly exercised, it lifts all men into a higher life—fills them with nobler impulses and desires—refines the mind and softens the heart—purifies the soul and bestows the actions of men; in short, it makes man more manly, and woman more womanly, and adds beauty and harmony and happiness to our lives.

Its throne is in the heart. Here it is born, and here it dwells forever, strengthening or weakening, and determining for good or evil our influence on our fellow-beings in proportion as it is developed in the right or the wrong channel.

It is born of heaven, and is linked in nature to Him who is the friend of friends—who do us a flourishing world might live. It is the fountain head of love, and the germ of every noble impulse and feeling in man.

ONE THOUSAND BOYS WANTED.—Men are wanted. So they are. But boys are wanted—honest, manly, noble boys. Such boys will make the desired men. Some one has declared, and truly, that these boys should possess ten points, which are thus given: 1. Honest. 2. Intelligent. 3. Active. 4. Industrious. 5. Obedient. 6. Steady. 7. Truthful. 8. Polite. 9. Neat. 10. Trustworthy. One thousand boys of these places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Every boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some most important points, but they will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts, the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night.

Never be too opinionated to accept good advice, by whomsoever offered. Yet you must think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your own thoughts, but when alone weigh what you have said.

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?" a jurymen was asked in a St. Louis court-room. "Of course I do," was the reply. "Do you mistake me for a member of the Electoral Commission?"

Red Tape in the British Army.

When a soldier in the British army wants a new pair of shoes he communicates the fact of his indigent condition to his sergeant. The sergeant investigates and makes a written report of the fact, forwarding it, with the soldier's application, to the lieutenant. The lieutenant refers the matter back to the sergeant with instructions to ascertain how near the soldier's term of service is out, that he may not go trudging off home a pair of shoes ahead of Her Britannic Majesty's government.

The sergeant ascertaining that the soldier has to serve long enough to wear out a whole case of shoes indorses the instructions to that effect, and they are then forwarded by the lieutenant to the captain. The captain indorses the application with the recommendation that it be granted, and forwards it to the adjutant, who refers it to the major. The major refers it to the surgeon with the necessary instructions, in obedience to which the surgeon refers it back again to the sergeant to ascertain if the man is troubled with corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, or any other pedal affections or deformities that would necessitate the use of a special last.

The application then reaches the colonel, who orders the regular channels, and is by him referred to the quarter-master with orders to answer the requisition with the necessary footgear. The quarter-master transmits it, in triplicate, to the Supply Department, Secretary of War, and Quartermaster-General, and the contractor is notified by the Quarter-master-General. The contractor indorses the application with a request to know what size is wanted, and the paper is then referred back to the sergeant with orders to procure a pair of shoes of the proper size.

To which Mark Twain adds, "But for you we should be nothing, for we should not be here."

WIFE AND HOME.—Servants are not remarkably patriotic; they are too faithful as husbands, lovers and fathers to become good soldiers.

A man was once brought before Toberness, the Russian General, charged with having cut off two of his own fingers in order to render him unfit for service. The soldier denied he had himself performed the act of self mutilation, but subsequently admitted that a comrade had served him only too faithfully in the matter.

"And were you not ashamed," asked the general, "to abandon the field when the Turks are on the soil of our fatherland?"

"Excellency," replied the soldier, "I am quite willing to fight the Turks but I wanted to see my home again."

"Indeed," replied the commander-in-chief, "Well, you shall have a long leave of absence. Say your prayers. You shall be shot this moment."

The platoon was drawn out, and the man, who was recently so coward, and would have died willingly in defense of his home, made the sign of the cross, and was stepping in front of his executioners without a word, when he suddenly stopped, as if he had forgotten something, then walked up to the general, and placing in his hands a few pieces of money, said:

"To be given to my wife after"— "Go and take them yourself," blurted out Toberness, whose eyes are said to have filled with tears.

The man was of course pardoned. He seemed to have been a veritable type of his countrymen, who cannot understand why so many men should sacrifice all that earth holds dear simply that another man may play at royalty.

FOR THE LAST TIME.—There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street, where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time; the singer whose voice is hoarse and cracked, and who after this once will never stand before the boards of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again."

How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older. Never again young—always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, "the last thing" which shall follow all our things, and turn them, let us hope, from pain to joy. We put away our boyish toys with an odd headache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—toe tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem, in the light of some far off day, as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

JUDGE BRADY, in a recent lecture, told a story of an ambitious Yankee who aspired to the State Senate. He gave \$100 for the influence of a friend. His hopes were high, and he most willingly parted with the money. But when the returns came in he found he had but three votes. He at once rushed to his friend, "See here, I've but three votes!" "Have you?" was the reply. "Let me see. You voted for yourself and I voted for you, but who was the other fool?"

DR. TYNO, JR., tells a story on himself which has some point in it to those who are eager to preach before they are ready. While studying in Virginia he was in the habit of holding service at a neighboring chapel. A friendly old drake used to pass his church, and trudge a mile beyond to a Methodist meeting-house. When asked why he did not go to hear Massey Tyno he made this shrewd reply: "An' no no! can't catch dis nigger lettin' de students practice on him."

It was the Howe Sewing Machine Company that ordered the discharge of all its employees who voted for Tilden. This at the suggestion of A. B. Stockwell, once president and principal gambler of Pacific Mail.

ABOUT WOMEN.—Here are a few of the things that men have said for and against women. Hippocrates, the Greek, says: "A woman gives her husband two days of happiness—that on which he marries her, and that on which he buries her." Coderus, a Latin writer, says: "There are fewer stars in heaven than trickeries in woman's heart." Chaucer, the French satirist, says: "Marriage follows love, like smoke after fire." Alphonso Karr writes: "The friendship of two women is never more than a plot against a third." Madame de Girardin says: "The rarest thing in France, next to a stupid woman, is a generous one." Shakespeare says: "A woman's fitness comes by fits." Pope's familiar line reads: "Every woman is at heart a rake." Emerson says: "Woman sees through Claude Lorraine's 'Rocky landscape,' declares: 'Women can less easily surmount their enmity than their passions.' Let us take from the mouth the bitter taste left by the foregoing aloes by a few more polite quotations: 'There are but two fine things in the world,' says Malherbe, 'women and roses.' Lessing exclaims: 'Woman is the masterpiece of the universe.' Bourdon says: 'The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl.' Thackeray writes: 'A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven.' Balzac says: 'Even the errors of woman spring from her faith in the good.' Voltaire declares: 'All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.' Lamartine asserts that: 'Women have more heart and more imagination than men.' Otway exclaims: 'O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man; we had better virtues without you.' To which Mark Twain adds, "But for you we should be nothing, for we should not be here."

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A BUSINESS MAN, living at Frankfort-on-the-Main, sent to a correspondent at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, a large consignment of cotton stockings, and at the same time, to another correspondent at the same place, an equally large consignment of cotton nightcaps, the products of his own manufacture. He wrote to each the price at which they were to sell; but the sum designated was found to be too large, of which fact they took occasion to inform him. He yielded a little in his demand, but still there was no offer for his fabrics. Again he wrote, in reply to other letters of his correspondents, naming a yet smaller amount. But weeks elapsed, and yet there were no sales.

At length he wrote to each correspondent to make some disposition of his manufactures; if they could not get money for them, they were at least to exchange them, no matter at what reasonable sacrifice, for any other goods. Under these instructions the stocking factor called upon the nightcap agent, both being unknown to each other in connection with their principal, and "named his views"; he wished to exchange a lot of superior cotton stockings for some other goods; he was not particular as to the kind, as the transaction was for a friend, who was desirous of "closing his stock." The man at first could think of nothing which he would like to exchange for so large a supply of stockings; but at length a bright thought struck him. "I have," said he, "a consignment of cotton nightcaps from an old correspondent, which I shall not object to exchange for your stockings." The bargain was soon closed. The stocking-factor wrote back once that he had at length been enabled to comply with the instructions of his principal. He had exchanged his stockings for "a superior article of nightcap," in an equal quantity, which he was assured were likely to be much in demand before a great while. The next day came a letter from the nightcap agent, announcing his success, and appended to the letter was a bill for commissions!

SELF-TORTURE.—There is no doubt that some people enjoy being unhappy. Take pleasure in contemplating injustice done to themselves. A pet grievance becomes a hobby with many men. In setting forth their grievance to the world, or even on brooding over it in solitude, they are necessarily dwelling upon their own virtues. And it is not surprising that, in many cases, the habit should generate an unreasonable self-complacency. Inordinate melancholy is but one of the many forms of vanity. A recluse from society takes a perverse pleasure in cultivating melancholy; or a widow cherishes her grief, for a dead husband ill she represents any attempts at comfort, and takes a pride in self-torture. Are they sincere in this? The morbid reluctance may be really nothing but a thoroughly indolent man who dwells upon his weakness to excuse himself from action. Excessive grief, for the dead easily conceals itself with vanity. We are really seeking for the praise of constancy, or yielding to a sort of superstitious belief that the dead will take pleasure in our useless sacrifice of our own happiness. The play of motives is so intricate that the attempt to analyze them or sum up the result in a single formula is necessarily illusory.

ONE OF THE most curious illustrations of the equal power of two votes is given in a humorous story of Judge Story, which he was very fond of telling. Once, and stormy election day, he felt it his duty, as a good citizen, to go to the polls. He ordered his carriage for this purpose. But just as he was getting in, a sudden thought struck him. Turning to his colored driver, he said: "Have you voted yet?" "No, Massa Story, I was waiting to drive you first."

"Well," replied the judge, "and you do intend to vote for?" "I shall vote for A," answered the driver. "Well," continued the judge, laughing, "I should vote for B, and we will both stay at home, and pair off our votes." The colored driver was of equal importance at the ballot-box with the learned judge.

THE NEW TORPEDO instruction is said to be demoralizing the sailors at Portsmouth. Not long since an intemperate sailor rolled up against Sir Rodney Mundy and ejaculated, with some difficulty, "Git out o' my way!" "How dare you address me like that, sir?" demanded the admiral. "Don't you know who I am? I am Admiral Mundy!" "Don't care if you'r Admiral Tuesday week!" persisted the sailor. "Git out o' my way!"

NAT. RESULT.—Of a worthy predecessor of the Cardinal Antonelli's it is told that he was wont, in sign of his succession, to have a net spread over a table at which he partook of the humblest apostolical fare. After he attained the pontificate, a bishop observed to him that the net no longer appeared on the table. To which the reply was, "Peace be to the fish; the fish is caught."

THE BETTER EDUCATION.—You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all

The Middletown Transcript

TERMS—\$2.00 a year, payable in advance. No paper discontinued until ordered, except at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements of less than one inch in length will be inserted at the rate of ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each additional insertion. Rates for one inch and over, as follows:

Space	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.50	\$ 7.00	\$ 12.00	\$ 20.00
2 "	1.75	4.50	13.00	22.00	38.00
3 "	2.50	6.00	17.00	30.00	50.00
4 "	3.25	7.50	21.00	38.00	62.00
5 "	4.00	9.00	25.00	45.00	75.00
6 "	4.75	10.50	29.00	52.00	88.00
7 "	5.50	12.00	33.00	60.00	100.00
8 "	6.25	13.50	37.00	68.00	112.00
9 "	7.00	15.00	41.00	75.00	125.00
10 "	7.75	16.50	45.00	83.00	138.00

Business Locals and Special Notices 10 cents a line for each insertion. Obituaries charged for at the rate of 5 cents per line of eight words. Marriages and deaths inserted free. Terms: Cash in advance, invariably.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1877.

LOCAL AND STATE AFFAIRS.

There are 138 inmates in the Kent county almshouse.

Hiram Griffith, one of the nine prisoners who escaped from Dover jail several months since, has been recaptured.

Jacob Foulk, formerly a resident of Wilmington, and at one time a large contractor and builder, died on Sunday in Milford.

Mr. R. J. Montague, the English comedian, will appear at the Wilmington Opera House on the 9th of April, under the management of Mr. John T. Ford.

Samuel W. Hall & Co., of Frederica, have contracted with farmers in that neighborhood for some 300 acres of tomatoes at the rate of 50 cents per 100 pounds.

The farmers of Kent county last year saved more clover seed than was required for their use. Until within a few years large sums of money was sent away annually to purchase seed.

Edmund Hammond, tax collector for Mill Creek Hundred, has settled in full for the year 1876, with the county treasurer. This is the second collector to settle for the past year.

Frank Gillespie was recently killed near Hockessin, by the caving in of a bank at which he was digging. The end of his pick was driven through his shoulder into his lung.

A Mrs. Lathrop, of Wilmington, while returning home from market last Saturday, was seized with a fit of apoplexy on the street and died in a very little while afterwards.

A boy living with a Mr. Salevan near Bowers Beach, set fire to Mr. S's stackyard last week. Mr. S. had punished him for something and that is the way he sought revenge.

Rev. Enoch Stubbs, formerly pastor of Asbury Church, but now of Smyrna, takes charge of Teachers' Training Department in the Sunday School working, published in Wilmington.

Rev. James M. McCarter, an eloquent and gifted preacher of the Wilmington Conference, who fell into bad habits and was suspended, has been reinstated and sentenced to Chincoteague Island.

Rev. Mr. Huntington, of the Presbyterian Church in Dover, preached to his congregation last Sunday for the first time for several months as he has been laid up with rheumatism pretty nearly all winter.

The Lewes Light contradicts the story that was published last week, of the disappearance of Wm. Schofield of that town. Mr. S. is at home and all right. The man who disappeared was a poor old tramp, and, therefore, of no account.

The School Election takes place in the various districts in the State this afternoon. Those interested in the public schools should attend. In this town two commissioners are to be elected and the election will be held at the Academy instead of at the school houses as heretofore.

The Democrats of Delaware City have made the following nominations: Mayor, B. N. Ogile; town commissioner, L. Ladouce; city treasurer, J. O. Eagle; assessor, W. D. Mulford, Jr.; school commissioners, N. G. Price, J. J. Messig and B. N. Ogile. The election takes place to-day.

Mrs. Mary J. Gilmour, of Newark, was stricken with paralysis last Sunday week at the house of her son in Elkton. She had only a few hours before come from Newark in a carriage and was just sitting down to supper when the attack came upon her. Her condition is pronounced rather critical.

The dwelling of Caleb B. Williams, near Frederica, came near being destroyed by fire late last night on Thursday. The fire broke out in a barrel. One of the hired hands was aroused by the roaring of the flames; he alarmed the family, and the fire was extinguished before it did any great damage.

Service at Armstrong.

Rev. Dr. Patton will preach in the chapel at Armstrong's to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 3 o'clock. Subject: "The restoration to life of the son of the Samaritanite's wife by the prophet Elijah." The public are invited to attend.

Jessup & Moore's Paper Mills Destroyed by Fire—Loss, \$350,000.

Jessup & Moore's paper mills, near Wilmington, took fire Wednesday afternoon about 4 o'clock, and all the old part of the mill was entirely destroyed. The fire is supposed to have taken place from a piece of fuse blown upon the roof by a quarry-blast which was fired off in the immediate neighborhood about fifteen minutes before the fire broke out. The fire raged so fiercely as to defy the efforts of the whole fire department. The loss will be about \$350,000 on which there is an insurance of \$125,000 in about forty different companies. A great number of people will be thrown out of employment as the mills have been running full time for a long while past.

Prepares for the Peaches.

If the peach crop this year is as big as that of 1875 was, as present prospects now indicate, it will be utterly useless for growers to ship them all to the city markets if they want to realize any profit from them. Other expedients will have to be resorted to, and one of the best of these is to reduce the surplus fruit to a condition for preservation—by drying, canning, evaporating or some other such process. There are many evaporators and dryers on the market but, as yet, the price has been such that ordinary farmers could not afford to buy them, unless they got one so small as to be able to accomplish but little good with it. This trouble has been in a great measure obviated by an invention by Mr. A. J. Reynolds, of Philadelphia, which while its price is so low that even farmers of the most limited means may obtain them, yet they are of such construction that a large amount of work may be done by even small machines. An advertisement will appear in the Transcript next week giving a full description of the machine. In the meantime, the simple evaporator may be seen at the office of J. B. Naadain, Esq., on North Broad St.

The Fruit Factories.

Arrangements have been effected, or are about to be, by "The Automatic Fruit Evaporator Company," of Philadelphia, to operate both the Delmarva and the Sellers' Fruit Factories in this town. This company are in possession of superior facilities which will enable them to put up 1000 baskets of fruit a day, which will be a big lift in the way of disposing of surplus fruit the coming season.

A Terrible Death.

A man named King, a workman in Jackson & Sharp's works, in Wilmington, died a terrible death one day last week. He was oiling the engine while it was in motion, and a long overcoat he had on got wrapped around the shaft of the fly-wheel. He was thus carried around with the wheel and thrashed to death against the joists in the engine room.

Land Sales by the Sheriff.

Sheriff Grubb sold the following lands at Townsend on Tuesday: The farm of Owen C. Crow, near Smyrna Landing, 1800 acres to Andrew Spear, of Leipsic, for \$3,500. This is the third time the land has been knocked off. Also the lands of the late Richard C. Hayes, of Odessa. The first tract, 349 acres, near Blackbird, adjoining lands of Z. McD. Roberts, and others, to Columbus Watkins, for \$2800; the second tract, adjoining the above, 129 acres, to same party, for \$1,000. It is understood that there are liens against the property in addition to the prices to be paid.

Every Evening and Commercial.

The much talked of combination of these papers went into effect last Monday. Mr. Jenkins backed out and surrendered his editorial chair to Mr. Croasdale and the latter stepped to the front in the capacity of editor in chief of both papers now united. Under the new arrangement the old name of each paper is retained which makes the title of the new paper somewhat cumbersome, but it permits the retention, to the newslayers, of the old and familiar cry of "Every Evening and Commercial," and this will compensate for the seeming defect of the big title.

The new paper is quite a handsome sheet, well printed (after the first copy) good size (24x38) and contains a large amount of reading matter. The price of all this is two cents per copy. The new enterprise has our best wishes for success.

Kent County Railroad.

The following from the Philadelphia Inquirer of a recent date, looks as though work would be resumed on the Kent County Railroad. Jay Gould, it will be remembered, bought the Kent county road.

RECONSIDERED.—Yesterday, at 12 o'clock, a number of influential gentlemen of New Jersey and New York met at the West Jersey Hotel, in Camden, for the purpose of organizing a company to operate the railroad from Vineland to Bay Side, on the Delaware. The following directors were elected: Jay Gould, Thomas Sheridan, John F. Bingham, of New York; William S. Sneen, William G. Miller, Edward P. Miller, John A. Hanco, of New Jersey. Jay Gould was subsequently made president. The name adopted by the meeting is the Vineland Railroad Company. It is the intention of those who have the matter now in charge to put the road in working order as soon as possible, making a working connection from Baltimore to New York.

Peach Prospects and Prospects.

As usual a variety of opinions is expressed in regard to the peach prospect. So far, however, no one has ventured to assert that they are all killed, though some go far enough to say that some varieties are greatly injured. Very little is said about them in this vicinity yet, the general impression seeming to be that, unless some great unlooked for calamity happens to them, there will be enough and to spare. All we have heard so far is a little talk about holding meetings, as was done two years ago, to make arrangements for marketing the fruit of which there seems an excellent prospect for a tremendous crop.

We have gathered from our exchanges a little of what is said about them in other places, which we present to our readers.

A writer from Milford to the Commercial says: "Some think this will be a good year for peaches, because the buds have not commenced to swell yet, while others think the hard winter has frozen the ends of the limbs and lessened the expectation of a good crop."

Every Evening: "A gentleman had been informed that below Milford the late varieties, which blossom first were greatly injured.—The Hale's Early are safe."

Cambridge (M.D.) Chronicle: It seems to be the general impression of the leading fruit growers in Dorchester, and of others in different parts of the Peninsula, that the prospects for a full peach crop this year is very flattering.

Dover Sentinel: "The peach buds are said to have been injured by the late frost."

Lewes Light: "We are informed by a Sea-ford correspondent that all the buds of every variety in that section and below there, are killed. Yesterday we visited several orchards in this vicinity (Lewes) and were surprised to find that nearly or quite all the buds were alive and presented a healthy appearance."

Denton Union: The peach croakers have entered their protest against a full crop of this fruit. Some of them have already objected to more than half a crop. There will be a full crop, gentlemen, and it is no use denying the fact.

A Defaulting Bank Cashier.

RE APPROPRIATES EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS TO HIS OWN USE—THE PURPOSES FOR WHICH IT WAS USED.

Correspondence of the Every Evening and Commercial.

ELKTON, Mo., April 1.—Our correspondent has come into possession of facts that are not less startling to himself than they will be to the large number who are friends of a prominent man here, who has been raised by his own sins. I speak of the former cashier of the Elkton National Bank, Richard McFarland. I went to the bank yesterday and made inquiries concerning the defalcation of Mr. McFarland, but found those of whom I inquired extremely reticent on the subject, and the information I did get with difficulty as follows:

About a year ago Jacob T. Moore, Esq., President of the Elkton bank, offered \$5,000, on deposits of \$1000, the amount to remain in the bank one year. There were some who took advantage of this offer and made their deposits, but were not credited on the books of the bank, and such a state of affairs escaped detection until recently, when Cashier McFarland was confined to his bed by consumption and found he would no longer be able to fill the position. He resigned, and Charles B. Finley was elected to fill the place. In a short time the books showed the deposits short about \$6,000 or \$8,000, and McFarland acknowledged immediately that he had used the \$1,000 deposits, and accordingly his securities, two of whom, it is learned, were David Palmer and H. H. Brady, of Chesapeake City, will have to pay the amount. It is impossible to get to ascertain the exact amount used by McFarland, but it will not exceed \$9,000. His salary was \$1,500 a year, and he carried a free rent, but it is said his family were very extravagant in their living, which drew heavily upon his income. It is generally conceded that the bank's money was used to

pay off gambling debts, which had been made at private tables. This, if it is a fact, makes the loss in money insignificant in comparison with the loss of character.

WILMINGTON GOSSIP.

Correspondence of the Transcript.

Now, that Spring has dawned upon us, many anxious workmen are waiting to be called into active service, and many have already gone to work. There has been so many men out of employment that the officers of the various business firms are all employed who want to labor. I am pleased to say to your readers, however, that the outlook is brighter, and I hope before long to tell them that business is good in our "burg," and to all who are unemployed in your neighborhood to come and see us at a labor. Of course, there has been a revolution in the compensation, but that is generally the last question asked when a person wishes work now-a-days, so if they make nothing at all in the country it is best to remain there and give the city a wide berth.

The carriage business is getting very good, several of the large establishments having quite a large force employed. This class of mechanics have suffered severely, from the fact that there are so many of them, great numbers of them having learned the trade when business was so flush. The good prospects extend to other branches of the manufacturing business, and many new hands have been taken on in the last few weeks. But the storekeepers are still much depressed waiting for customers—business in that line being flat.

Lovers of peaches and cream are anxious to know the prospect of a good crop of that fruit. Reports to the newspapers in this city from different parts of the Peninsula indicate that a large crop will be yielded this year, so let our farmers prepare to cart them to us and we will prepare ourselves to eat.

The time draws near for the sale of the Wilmington and Western Railroad. But there is likely to be a little trouble in regard to the matter. It appears that Mr. Anderson Crumlish, the contractor, who built and graded the road has never received the pay for the same, which amounts to the handsome sum of \$25,000. His claim has been before the Court of Chancery of this State for two or three years. A decree was granted by Judge Bradford, of the United States Court, some time ago, to the trustees, in whose hands it was, for its sale. Mr. Crumlish has some of the best legal talent in the State, and facts have been developed by them that Mr. Crumlish has the first claim on the road. The road will be sold, however, as I understand Mr. Crumlish will be allowed to bid. His claim will swallow up the largest part of the road, and the trustees, who thought at first they would make a big thing of the sale will find themselves beaten.

EASTERN SHORE MATTERS.

The new assessment of Dorchester county amounted to \$6,043,853.

William Starvel, a native of Kent county, died March 22, in Bucks county, Pa. He was 77 years old.

John R. Price, formerly superintendent of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, died at Chesapeake City last week.

A farm of the late John A. Wilson, 100 acres, in Cecil county, has been sold to the Mutual Building Association for \$2,000.

Next year the Methodist Episcopal Conference is to meet in Chester, and the Methodist Protestant Conference in Boston.

The Methodist congregation of Cecilton, gave their new minister, Rev. E. P. Aldred, a liberal donation party on his arrival last week.

W. G. Horey has donated half an acre of ground near The Oaks, Caroline county, on which is to be built a Methodist Protestant Church.

One day last week 3,070 dozen eggs and 6,655 pounds of fresh fish were shipped from Cambridge over the Dorchester and Delaware Railroad.

Rev. W. B. Gregg was warmly received by his new congregation at Saddle River, last week. A big dinner was served for him at the parsonage.

In the vicinity of Elk Neck, Cecil co., the hog disease is raging at an alarming extent, two hundred having died in a short time. There seems to be no cure for it.

A break has been made in the Chesapeake tide-water canal, caused by muskrats burrowing and giving vent to the water. Repairs stopped navigation for a few days.

A safe belonging to the Worcester and Somerset railroad was carried off last week. It contained valuable papers and \$15 cash. The safe was afterwards found smashed, the papers safe and the money not found.

On Sunday night, the 25th, the house on the farm of Henry Burgess, near Chesapeake City was destroyed by fire before the family had time to get any clothing except what they had on, as they left their beds. The loss of the house was not as serious as that of the furniture, which was serious.

Cambridge jail is well filled with inmates. Nine-tenths of all persons arrested in the county are young, hearty-looking negroes from eighteen to twenty-five years old. It is a usual remark, even among the colored people, that the young will not work if they can help it. It is very seldom that a colored man who was raised before emancipation fails to make a good, law-abiding citizen, but their children are too often permitted to grow up in lazy idleness, and when thrown upon their own resources they know nothing about work, and support themselves by pilfering.—Cambridge News.

Official Mortality.—Since the general election in November 1873, our county has had a visitation of official mortality. W. A. G. Hook, who was elected Chief of Police, and James P. Dudley, who was elected Register of Wills at that general election, having both died before the expiration of their respective terms; of the former in about 18 months after his election, and the latter in three years and five months. Since the last general election, in November 1875, we have lost one justice of the Orphans' Court and one County Commissioner, the former died last month and the latter a few months after his election.—Centinel Record.

THE PROFESSOR.—This earthly life, when seen hereafter from heaven, will seem like an hour passed long ago, dimly remembered; that long, laborious life, full of joys and sorrows as it is, it will then have dwindled down to a mere point, hardly visible to the far-seeing ken of the disembodied spirit. But the spirit itself soars onward. And thus death is neither an end nor a beginning. It is a transition, not from one existence to another, but from one state of existence to another. No link is broken in the chain of being, no mere point, hardly visible to the far-seeing ken of the disembodied spirit. But the spirit itself soars onward. And thus death is neither an end nor a beginning. It is a transition, not from one existence to another, but from one state of existence to another. No link is broken in the chain of being, no mere point, hardly visible to the far-seeing ken of the disembodied spirit. But the spirit itself soars onward. And thus death is neither an end nor a beginning. 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